

Chapter 8

Another late-night leads to a rough morning, you struggle to get yourself out of bed and into the shower.

“Stupid morning classes” you grumble under your breath, water cascading down your face.

Maybe I will see Emily in class...

It was her fault after all, the late night, the horniness. She is slowly taking over your thoughts.

She looks amazing with the added weight.

Your phone rings outside of the shower. You quickly fumble to jump out to answer it, before even noticing the caller ID.

“H-hi.”

“Oh Matt, I didn’t wake you, did I?” you recognize Emily’s voice at the other end of the phone.

“Not at all, I’m not some lazy student who sleeps in late because they were drinking all night, I was just getting out of the shower.”

“Oh... Does that mean you are naked right now?”

“Oh... Er... Yeah” you break out into a blush.

“I can hear you blushing through the phone you dork” she giggles.

“I’m not blushing!” you lie back to her.

“Sure, you aren’t, anyway, let’s go get breakfast.” she asks.

“What about class?” *I’m such a nerd sometimes.*

“You can go to class, or you can come and watch me make a pig of myself. What do you say?”

“Where are we going?” you timidly ask.

“That’s what I thought,” she chuckles. “Meet me at Eddie’s, they do a breakfast buffet, I’m so hungry Matt, this potion has really changed my appetite.”

“I’ll call ahead and book a table for us; I’ll meet you there in 15 minutes?” you reply

“Sure, remember to put clothes on... or don’t...” she hangs up the phone.

You look down and see your stiff rod creating a tent in the towel.

“Great...” you sigh as you start to dry your body off.

Eddie’s isn’t far from campus, so you decide to walk over. Thoughts from last night enter your head as you get closer to the diner.

She is driving me insane. I wonder if she is bigger... Oh god, I need to stop.

You open the door and are greeted by a server. A short blonde in her mid-20s with her hair in a ponytail. Her face is cute, and her petite features are covered in makeup, *she obviously spends a lot of time in the mirror in the mornings*. The effort really does accentuate her beauty. Her eyes are wide and hazel, her slim jawline leads to her cute chin with a small cleft in it. Directly above, her plump lips are covered in a crimson lipstick that draw your attention to them. You look down and give her a once over. She is wearing a very low-cut dress that accentuates her bust. Two plump breasts on her chest bulge over the edges of the too small bra, *a deliberate choice no doubt*, which you find it hard to rip your eyes from. Your eyes journey onward down to check the rest of this beauty. Her slim waist does very little for you, but she is definitely “classically” beautiful. Her lack of waist is made up by her hips which are wider than most, you’d love to see her turn around to inspect her ass. The dress stops mid-way up her thighs, her smooth tanned legs are on show. You lift your vision back up her body and get caught on her boobs again. The dirty thoughts from earlier coupled with the vast amount of cleavage on show have you hypnotized. You feel an erection coming on. The waitress takes a deep breath and pushes her chest out as your eyes are locked on her bust.

“Hello!”

You look up to apologize to the woman but instead you find her smirking at you. She gives a quick wink and motions to her right.

“I think she called you.”

“Oh, right...” You try to pass her, but you feel her hand grab your bum.

“You don’t have to apologize, you can stare all you want, sugar.” She plants a menu into my chest. “I’ll be over to take your order soon.” she smirks and removes her hand from my ass and heads towards the kitchen.

Flustered, you head over to the table Emily is on. It is hard to see how she has changed in the last 12 or so hours but her face certainly looks pudgier. You notice that she is frowning.

“Hey Em, what’s up?” you ask.

“Nothing” she grumbles.

“Riiight...” you open your menu. It is oddly quiet for a few moments before the server comes over.

“Are you both ready to order?” she keeps her eyes locked on me. You glance over to Emily to see if she is ready, but you see her angrily scowling at the waitress.

“I’m ready, Em?”

“I’ll have the buffet pass please.”

“Sure thing” the waitress says dismissively. “And you, sugar?” She leans her chest towards you, from this angle you get a clear view at the boob valley struggling to be contained in her dress.

“Same for me please”

“Well help yourself. The buffet cart is towards the bar and around the corner on the left” she points.

“Thank you, that will be all,” Emily speaks up.

The waitress fires a scowl back at Emily and then struts away.

“Everything Ok?” you repeat your question.

“Just captain tits by there is pissing me off.” Emily whispers over the table.

“Oh, she isn’t that bad.” *Why am I so bad at speaking to women sometimes?*

“Of course, you’d say that.” She crosses her now chubby arms over her own bust which causes her boobs to bulge over her bra cups and fill all the available space within her t-shirt.

“Let’s move on, how are you today?” You ask, trying to change the subject.

“Fine... Just hungry...” on cue her stomach rumbles.

“Why don’t you go up and get food, I’ll wait here and look after the table and stuff.”

Quickly the frown is replaced by a look of glee.

“Thank you, Matt.,” She places her meaty hands on the table and with some effort she pushes against its surface to raise from the seat.

You watch on as you see her body start to rise above the table. In what feels like slow motion, you’re transfixed to her plumper body. Your earlier assessment about her being bigger is right, very much so. It looks like she has gained 10-15lbs since yesterday. Bringing your estimate of her total to 190lbs. Her clothes are feeling the strain from her newly added weight, you can see the bulging rolls fill out every available inch of her t-shirt. Her body continues its ascent, and you start to see a massive roll of fat overflowing the top of her jeans. The compression from her jeans makes her stomach look more taut and bigger in appearance. Finally, she stops suddenly as she is now fully standing which causes a mighty

jolt through her body, the effect causes her belly and boobs to bounce heavily. You swear that the downward force of the jiggle causes her to almost lose her balance. Looking to her face after that erotic display, you see her beaming.

“You should take a picture Matt; it’ll last longer, and you can add it to your growing collection” she winks and turns on her heels to head towards the buffet cart.

You don’t manage to reply before she starts to bounce towards the offering of food, however you now get to stare at the effects on the rear. Her hips, wider, stretch the denim of her jeans. Her ass has also seen a sizable increase as her cheeks fill out her trousers to capacity, each bulbous orb shakes from side to side wildly as she struts away from you. The last five minutes haven’t helped your horniness as you feel your dick throb below the table.

I hope I get a chance to calm down before I go up, I can’t go up with an erection. Maybe if I don’t look at her when she comes back.

Emily rounds the corner, and you take a deep breath, before you get a chance to exhale the waitress plops herself down in Emily’s seat. Her bosom resting on the table, the support given also allows you to really see them in their entirety. They are magnificent and perky.

I bet she gets a lot of attention when she goes to a bar.

Seemingly noticing your wandering eyes, she puts her elbows on the table and pulls them together to squeeze the bosom. Her boobs bulge out of the top more as she slowly draws her elbows together. All you can do is stare at the wonderful display before you.

So much for calming down before Emily gets back.

“Like what you see?” she whispers.

“Yeah, I mean who wouldn’t...” you whisper back.

“Good, I like what I see too. I’m Sam, do you want to go get a coffee after my shift?”

“I’m sorry, I-”

An angry scowl comes over her face. “You don’t want these?” She releases her breasts from their elbow vice and shakes them on the table. Once again you can only stare and watch the jiggling before you.

“I am interested in someone else.”

“Her? That fat cow?” Her voice steadily rising from anger.

“Fat cow? I don’t think that is particularly good customer service.” Emily managed to return to the table without either of us noticing. Her plate piled high with bacon and pancakes.

Sam quickly jumps to her feet and angrily stares at you and Emily both. "Please don't tell my boss." She pleads with an angry scowl on her face, she hurriedly makes her way back to the kitchen.

"I knew I didn't like her. She was laying the moves on you, huh?"

"Err... Yeah, she asked if I wanted to go out for a coffee with her..." You trail off.

A calm confidence comes over Emily, "And do you want to go out for a coffee with her?" she calmly says whilst drizzling her massive stack of pancakes with maple syrup.

"No." you timidly reply, the conversation is putting you on edge.

"That is the right answer Matt, you passed the test. I will have to think of some way to reward you." she winks.

Your erection never really went but any progress you made is now gone with that wink. *She knows just what to say.*

She gives you a quick smile before she starts eating from the pile of food on her plate. You feel her leg rub against yours under the table, for a few seconds, whilst she is scoffing down some mouthfuls of her food. After a big gulp she looks up from her plate.

"Sorry, I didn't realise I was encroaching on your side of the table." she says playfully and moves her leg away once more. You can't help but stare at Em as she takes huge bites from the fork. The mouthfuls of pancake mixed with the sweet gooey maple syrup bloat her chubby cheeks like a hamster. She looks at you, still chewing, her face depicts a very satisfied look. Her bites slow down as she just stares at you. Time seems to slow down as you are both just lost in each other's eyes. The silence is broken by a big gulp.

"Aren't you going to get something?" She says in a sultry tone.

You jump as if you've been caught doing something wrong. Quickly you get to your feet, trying desperately to rip your eyes from her beautiful face as she continues to eat and watch you.

"Oh... Yeah, I'll be back" You start to get up from the table, taking extra care to hide your throbbing manhood. You rush towards the buffet cart before Emily can distract you further. Rounding the corner, you bump into none other than Sam. Thankfully despite being a server she isn't carrying anything however this just means you crash into her perky assets. Briefly you feel their soft expanse spread over your chest from the collision. You both stumble backward.

"Oh my god, I am so sorry Sam, are you ok?"

"You remembered my name."

"Yeah? Are you ok?"

"I'm fine Matt."

You recoil slightly from her using your name.

"You spoke to me earlier when you made the booking"

"...right" you dumbly look at her.

"I've never been turned down before, Matt."

You awkwardly look down to your feet, dumb move as now your vision is filled with her cleavage. Before you can lift your head, she steps forward and presses her chest into yours.

"I'm rather competitive... I want you; I will get you." Sam pecks my cheek and whispers in my ear "Your ass is mine." she pushes her chest into me to cause me to stagger backwards. "Right this way sir, the cart is over here." Sam leads me towards the cart before being called away.

You see a sizable offering of food and grab a plate. You pile up some pancakes and some toast and make your way back to your seat. Upon the approach you see Emily on her phone, flicking through some pictures. You can't quite make out what she is looking at from this distance, but you see a lot of skin. Suddenly you can feel your blood pressure start to rise.

As you brush past the table you get a brief glance at what seems to be a close up of Emily's cleavage. You let out a cough as you try to not choke on your own tongue. She quickly hides her phone and watches you intently as you take a seat. Sweat forming on your brow you look back at her. The once proud mountain of pancakes has been reduced to nothing but an empty plate and a few crumbs.

"Wow, that was quick."

"Yeah, I'm going to get some more," she says triumphantly as she shimmies out of her seat. You can see that her belly is looking a bit rounder than earlier.

Peace. If I eat quickly, I can enjoy my food without torment.

"Can I get you a drink? Any condiments?" a familiar voice asks.

You slowly turn your head to the source of the question and your vision is filled with boobs. Practically inches away from your face you jump a little and turn your attention upward. Sam, who else. She is sucking on her pen in her mouth.

"Hello down there, how's the view?"

Painfully cheesy, her seduction attempt does get a rise out of your dick. She smirks, it is as if she just knows.

“No, I am fine for drinks, and I don’t need anything for my food. Thank you, Sam.,” Confidence oozing from your voice as you reject her advances.

From the look in her eyes, you can see she is enraged but she plays it cool.

“Well, if you need anything, please give me a shout.” She adds as she shakes her ass whilst walking back to the kitchen.

Let’s try this again. Peace.

You pick up your cutlery and take a bit out of your food. The flavour just hits your mouth when you see Emily bounding back towards the table. The first stack was massive at about six thick pancakes and bacon. This stack was ten Pancakes, stacked high above her plate. You watch in awe as she carefully manoeuvres the tower towards her seat.

“Did you get enough?” you ask.

“Maybe? I’m just so hungry Matt.”

“I can tell.”

“No, you don’t understand, I am... so... incredibly... Hungry” she moans.

You watch as suddenly she looks possessed, and she starts attacking the tower of pancakes. There is no time to even maple syrup them as she starts stuffing the pancakes greedily into her mouth. Savage chomp after vicious bite she shreds through the pancakes in no time at all. During her gorging, you feel the table being pushed towards you. As she takes her last bite you hear a sharp screech and a pain in your side as the table jolts into your gut. You wince and look to her side of the table. With the pancakes gone you can now see her belly has swollen up and is pressing into the table. The upper hemisphere now rests on top of the table. A piercing slap can be heard as without warning Emily raises her hand and spanks her belly.

“Oh, filling up nicely...” she moans as she squeezes her bloated tum.

You can only stare as she starts to massage her belly, rather the upper half of her belly. The pain in your middle increases as she takes a deep breath. This causes the table to be pushed further into your torso. She is still kneading her dome, but she is now smirking at you.

“Got enough room over there?”

You nod.

“Good, I wonder how big this will make me? The potion is still working, I gained 12lbs last night alone.” She moans softly, “I wonder how big I’ll be before it stops working?” she stares at you for a reaction.

Above the table you just stare at her stuffed form. Beneath the table your dick is desperately trying to break out of your pants.

"I have... Er... No idea... Are you worried at all?" you nervously ask.

"No... I am getting used to it... I almost like it..." she leans in over her belly and with a pudgy finger she gestures to you to lean in.

"I want to see how big I can get." She whispers as she softly drags her chubby hand up and down your arm. "Would you like that?"

Wide eyed you just stare.

"Do you want to see me get bigger? I mean I'm so hungry all the time... Why not?"

Words elude your brain as it turns into mush.

"I need to hear you say it Matt, I want to know you want it too, the bigger I've been getting, the hornier I've been feeling."

"I want to see you get bigger."

"Good, get me another stack of pancakes, I'm still hungry."